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CONDITION OF ARKANSAS.—It is officially stated that in Arkansas, during the three months preceding the calling out of the militia, there were received at the Governor's headquarters authentic accounts of over two hundred different murders perpetrated with impunity in that State, and very many of the most fiendish outrages; but during the forty days which have passed since martial law was declared, but one single murder and not a single outrage has been heard of in the State.

PREVENTION OF WAR.—Such is the one grand aim of our cause—to avert war when threatened in a given case, and to set at work causes and influences that shall insure its prevention in all coming time. This service the late Peace Congress at Paris attempted for Greece and Turkey with full success; and now both these governments have published a formal acknowledgment of their obligations for the service. Here is palpable proof of progress on the subject of peace; and we may well hope to see such cases of friendly, successful intervention multiplied.

STAGES OF REFORM.—John Stewart Mill, says: "All reforms have to pass through three stages, viz., *ridicule—argument—adoption.*" With many the Peace Cause is now in the first of these stages, but the time is not distant when it will pass into the second, and then triumphantly into the third.

MILITARY GLORY WANING.

BY ANDREW P. PEABODY. D.D., LL.D.

The age of military glory has gone by. Civilization marks its progress in no way more surely than by the successive criterions of greatness. In the very earliest ages, mere physical force was the sole title to eminence. Thus the Hebrew Psalmist says, "A man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees;" and the author of the Book of Kings ranks the great men of David's court in the order of their bodily strength. As war became an art and a science, brute force gave place in men's esteem to military skill and prowess, and especially to dexterity and power in the management of armies. Subsequently, hereditary rank, wealth, and superior mental culture successively contested with military glory the right to pre-eminence, and somewhat divided the suffrages of civilized humanity. But until of late, though other paths have led to distinction, the heroes of successful war have held the first place in the hearts of men, have been most honored in bronze and marble, in history and song, have borne the names oftenest rehearsed in panegyric, and foremost in the grateful remembrance of their fellow citizens. But moral greatness is now on the ascendant; and this alone admits no rivalry. The hero of the battle-field, though ignoble, poor, and ignorant, can maintain a proud front before the nobly born, the opulent, and the learned; yet he falls at once into obscurity beside the saint, the philanthropist, the martyr. Our age, with many less hopeful characteristics, has this which distinguishes it from all preceding times, *that it accounts its best men its greatest.*

The obscuration of military fame first became a patent fact in the Crimean war. The last crop of military heroes was

that ripened by the wars which succeeded the first French Revolution. Their names are emblazoned on monuments, triumphal arches, statues all over Europe, have a proud place in history, and are household words for every child. But, if I mistake not, there is no great national monument of any kind erected in honor of any single hero of the Crimean war. There are, indeed, monuments to the fallen soldiers of individual regiments, and pillars inscribed with clusters of else unknown names. But though that war had its full proportion of valiant deeds, heroic exploits, master-strokes of strategy, no one name has been made illustrious by it, and we hardly remember who its leaders were. FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE bore off its laurels, and will go down to posterity as its heroine. The mercy that saved life achieved a signal triumph over the prowess that destroyed life. The angel-ministries that shed rays of love and hope upon the lurid gleam of the warfires; the voices of Christian consolation that soothed the dying, and made the last of earth, the dawn of a happy immortality to many a departing soul; the frail, gentle, delicately nurtured women, who in the name and spirit of their Saviour went about doing good amidst havoc, desolation, and untold agony, the names written in heaven;—these are the only names inscribed in letters of living light in this chapter of human history.

Our late war has a similar record. It has not left a single military commander who can promise himself enduring and unclouded fame. It has broken down and ruined many aspirants for unwithering laurels. It has made us admire the single-hearted patriotism of some whose military genius was unequal to the crisis. It has developed rare abilities in others who yet lack qualities essential to exalted heroism. It furnishes not a single leader's name, which will be associated in the country's second birth with the names of the great men who achieved her independence, and gave her a place among the nations.

Yet this conflict has its heroes of imperishable renown. Foremost among them is our martyred President, at heart a man of peace, abhorrent of fratricidal blood, holding forth the olive branch persistingly to those who despised and scorned his overtures, through the whole sad drama his generous soul yearning to welcome back to their allegiance the truant States and their recreant citizens. Then there were those hundreds of noble youth who entered the conflict with no thought of fame, with no love for the "garments rolled in blood," but with a dear love of country, with a sacred zeal for liberty, with tender pity for the enslaved, with a true martyr spirit, men whose humane sympathies were extended alike to friend and foe, who bore no malice, but who offered up their lives in pure and self-forgetting patriotism. These have their enduring monuments in our churches, in our places of public concourse, in our hearts, in the undying gratitude of their ransomed nation; and never was a nation redeemed by sacrifices so costly and so precious. The complement of our heroes is filled by the untiring, self-devoting labors of the agents of our Sanitary and Christian Commissions, and, above all, by those sisters